FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRC

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Deal in Real Estate.

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By William A. STIMPSON.

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John Powers threw back his shoulders and breathed in deep draughts of the country air while his eyes swept the panorama of field and wood before him.

Half way down the hill lay a sman farm, the house gleaming white against the green foliage. It stood well back from the road and was shaded by two huge sugar maples. The smooth lawn in front, with its shrubbery and flower; the well-kept fences and trim outbuildings, testified to the thrift and good taste of the occupants.

occupants.
"Now if I only had a wife that would just the place for me," Powers said himself, stopping to gaze longingly

at the cottage.

It was after 5 o'clock and the young attorney had left the office in town with its heat and dust and its clacking typewriters an hour before for his daily tramp.

He swung down the hill, his eyes

He swung down the hill, his eyes taking in every detail of the property before him, and of course he could not miss seeing the board sign lettered, "For Sale." He came to a halt again and stared greedily.

"Oh, well, it's nothing to me," he mused, starting forward again. "The price must be far beyond my means even if I had any use for a farm." Resolutely he directed his eyes in another direction.

But he had walked only a few yards further when he realized he was studying the trim little cottage again. His steps lagged. "There would be no harm in asking the price, I suppose," he said to himself slowly, stopping again. "No, no harm in that, surely," he reasoned, and a moment later he had turned in at the graveled driveway.

As he ascended the front steps he was conscious of voices just inside the

As he ascended the front steps he was conscious of voices just inside the closed door. "The property'll never bring your figure. Better accept my offer; you'll not get as good again—" Silence followed the interrupting

knock, then the door was opened.
Powers bared his head courteously.
"Will you tell me the price—" he began, then paused in confusion as he met the eyes of the girl before him.
"Why—why, Helen Rand! I didn't know you lived here," he stammered, son. The lad son. The lad

"John Powers! Of all people!" the girl exclaimed, offering her hand.
"John Powers! Of all people!" the girl exclaimed, offering her hand.
"Come right in."

estate speculator. The man was plain-ly put out at the interruption. "How long have you lived here?"

"How long have you lived here?"
Powers inquired.
"About a year," the girl replied.
"It's strange I haven't run across you in town."
"Father was ill when we came and died three months ago. I didn't go out much."

"I see," said Powers gravely. "But I may as well obtain the information I came for," he added, "What do you ask for this place?"
"Five thousand dollars," came the answer.

"Don't you want to look through?" the girl asked eagerly. "I believe that is the proper way to talk to a prospective purchaser," she laughed, rising and leading the way into the din-

Powers was quick to follow. "Certainly I'll look through. Can't tell whether I'll want the place or not until I've seen it," he returned lightly. whether I'll want the place or not until I've seen it," he returned lightly.

"That man is trying to buy the property at a ridiculously low price and Im afraid mother'll accept the offer. I thought maybe, if you showed an interest in it he might give more," the girl whispered in the privady of the kitchen.

"I'm on," Powers whispered back, his lips close to one dainty ear.

"Now there are three sleeping rooms and a bath upstairs. I'll show you and a bath upstairs. I'll show you did not return the whistle. Only a did not return the whistle. Only a "If I leave you—and make the at

above us.

"Call up the shaft!" I cried again.

Pob whistled—I knew well the old fractrity signal. But his brothers did not return the whistle. Only a faint and silly echo came back to our ears.

"I'm on," Powers whispered back, his lips close to one dainty ear.
"Now there are three sleeping rooms and a bath upstairs. I'll show you those," his guide announced as they returned to the living room.
"The house is a perfect gem," Powers's enthusisastic praise was meant for the ears of Jackson, with whom Mrs. Rrand was politely keeping up a conversation.

"Why sell this pretty place?" Pow-ers asked when the two were alone closer to Bob's arm as we stood in the darkness and listened.

"What has happened—up there?" i inquired in awe.

Bob didn't reply to that. Instead, he asked a question of me:

"The hammering which went on while you were screaming to stop is—you said it was the pounding which caused your little box of a closet to slide down into my pit?"

"What has happened—up there?" i "Here's the automatic, Jane," Bob said, placing the gun in my hand. "I sany hand the slip—and fail—" He stopped. He did not need to give me further directions.

"I understand, darling," I whispered.

"If I fail, Jane dear, you will not live

Helen's merry air vanished. "Fi-ancial reasons; father left very lit-

"Well, what about my offer, Miss Rand?" the impatient voice of the real estate man broke in sharply up-

The girl gisneed questioningly at Powers. "I—I hardly think so—not to-night, at any rate. The offer is too low," she called, descending the

"It's every cent I can give," the speculator snapped, "and my offer won't stand long.' He paused for a won't stand long. He paused for a moment. "Don't think every one who looks at the house is going to buy it," he sneered, shooting a black look at Powers. "Just sign that con-tract," he urged, turning to the older woman, "and Ill pay a deposit now and the balance of the money as soon as the title con-

as the title can be searched and the deed drawn."

"What is the offer, Helen?" Powers' voice had an ominous ring to it.

"Thirty-five hundred dollars," the girl thaswered quickly

girl thiswered quickly.

"Too low by fifteen hundred," Powers returned sharply. He paused then, "I will buy the property at your figure, Mrs. Rand," he declared with a quick glance at Jackson.

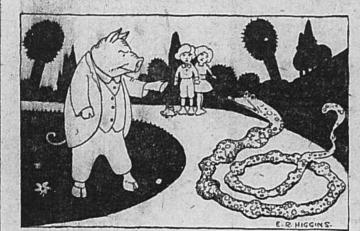
There was a little scream of delight from the girl and Jackson turned a threatening look upon the young man. "And who may you be, butting in on my business?" he demanded harshly.

in on my business. It is harshly.

Powers ignored him. "Til write you a check for five hundred dollars as a deposit," he said coolly, addressing the mother and leading the elightly bewildered woman to a table.

The speculator darted forward. "No,





go tell Patrick Pig it may help some."

So the twins hunted up the pig and sure enough he knew exactly what to do. He marched right over to where Sammy Snake was sleping and smiling in the sun and said, "Now, Sam, "I've had a mind to make a meal of

you for ever so long, and I sure w. if you don't give up those toads. Now open your mouth, quick."

There was nothing else for Sammy to do. He just had to open his mouth and all the little toads hopped out one at a time and ran across the meadow to their mother.

And the twins were happy because they had helped somebody out of

trouble again.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

to them! Shout!' I exclaimed.

It had taken us but a few minutes crowding my thoughts so fast that my

Bob Pulls Me Up to the Room Again-the Others Are Gone, "Call up that shaft, Bob! Whistle, "By inches—yes—Bob!" Then I to them! Shout!' I exclaimed. rushed on breathlessly a new home

TOM. I MUST TELL YOU A GOOD JOKE

"That will do, Mr. Jackson," the girl assured him. "Mother is here and a business caller, Mr. Jackson."

Powers nodded coolly to Jackson, whom he recognized as a shrewd real estate speculator. The man was plain
know he has the money—"

"That will do, Mr. Jackson," the girl widow interrupted sharply. "We have known Mr. Powers for a long time. He is an honorable gentleman, a farm alone. I'm still a bachelor, you know," he replied busquely. "Oh!" her eyes fell before his steady gaze.

"Unless," he went on, his voice thrilling, and his lips brushing her

Then Bob cried, "Spence! Archer! Chryq!" in his far-carrying voice. The words mocked us in a faint stage

whisper, "Spence! Archer! Chrys!"
Then silence ensued, an abomidable,
ominous silence. It made me cling
closer to Bob's arm as we stood in the

n. Powers turned. "The matter has passed out of your control, Mr. Jackson. The ladies did not accept your offer, he said.

Jackson faced Mrs. Rand. "You can't sell the property to this man" he whined. "Who is he? How do you know he has the money—"

"That will do, Mr. Jackson face glowed with widow interrum do, Mr. Jackson face while, any-he fiashed, joining in the mer. Helen's face glowed with "Do you mean"

Mrs. Rand turned her back on Jackson and the two women and Powers drew up together at the table. The treat estate man slammed his hat on his head and strode angrily from the house.

"Naw the part thing is when will the draw her to him "More than the draw her to him the him the

them?"
"If I leave you—and make the attempt—you will not be afraid—down here—all alone?"
"Ill be stiff with fright—almost paralyzed." I said. "But what difference does that make? Go up—try it! There's a rope up there"—I described the one Chrys and I had knotted from the couch covers—"you can pull me up with it."
"Here's the automatic. Inne" Polymers.

house.

"Now the next thing is, when will you want possession, John?" Miss Rand asked when the check had been passed over and a brief memorandum came the whispered answer.

If my body was still and limp, my sense were very much alive. I won-dered why my ears did not tell me about Archer and the others. Not a



Some microscopic beings cannot be defined either as plants or animals.

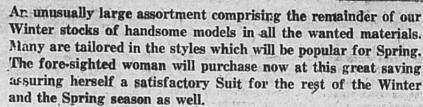
2 cups boiled rice
1 cup milk
3.4 cup cheese
2 eggs
Beat eggs well. Mix all ingredi-

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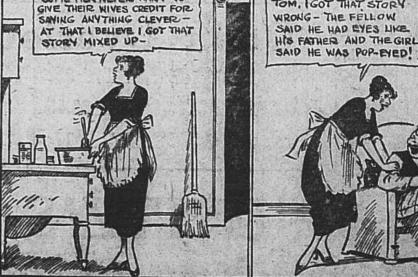
PRETT

GOOD

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(TO BE POLITE TOM SHOULD HAVE LAUGHED ANYWAY)-BY ALLMAN.

I SUPPOSE IT WOULD ALMOST KILL





SOME MEN NEVER WANT TO